

# WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

J. M. SWETNAM, Publisher.

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1881.

VOL. II, NO. 33

## EDITORIAL GRAPHICS.

The Huntsville jail is having a big boom.

The Central post office was recently robbed of \$15.

The Sun-Burst is the name of a new Greenback paper just started at Bevier. It will be a man burst next.

The Clarence schools are in a prosperous condition.

Shelby county has an Immigration Society that is not comatose.

There is talk of arresting certain young folks in Canton for church disturbance.

GUTEAU has admitted that he is subject to remorse not withstanding his pretended inspiration.

St. Louis has its Mormon missionary who claims 200 members of that sect in the city with bright prospects for future additions to the member.

The London Telegraph discussing the question of Giteau's madness says in such a case the verdict of mankind at large is more to be trusted than that of a jury, and that the general voice demands the full penalty for the crime.

J. L. H. Green, of Quincy, has sued the *Whig* for slander in the sum of \$10,000, for having stated that he had been arrested at Kirksville for adultery.

ANOTHER "crank" has turned up in Washington claiming to be the true Messiah. He went there to look after Giteau, but the police took charge of him.

The official vote of Wisconsin of Governor shows Rusk (Republican) 81,753; Pratt (Democrat) 69,803; Kanouse (Temperance) 13,225; Allis (Greenbacker) 6,974; Rusk's plurality 11,950. This was the lowest Republican plurality, the highest being for Lieut. Gov. Fairfield, 14,08.

The Cincinnati Price current gives returns from eighty-eight per cent of the points where pork packing was done last winter for the month of November, showing a total for this season of 1,708,000 against 2,205,000 last year same time. From this the Price Current estimates the total packing in the West for November is 569,006 short of last year, and that the end of the season will show a falling off of 1,000,000, from last year.

The debt statement issued last week shows a decrease of the public debt during November \$7,249,226; cash in treasury \$245,642,866; gold certificates \$5,207,020; silver certificates \$66,673,850; refunded certificates \$379,550; legal tenders outstanding \$346,581,016; fractional currency outstanding \$7,093,128. Decrease of debt since June 30, 1881, \$62,373,771.

ON SATURDAY the Republican Congressional Caucus nominated Gen. Keifer, of Ohio, for speaker of the house. He was nominated on the sixteenth ballot, the vote standing, Keifer 93, Hiscok 18, Kasson 10, Reid 11, Burrows 1, Orth 8, Dunnell 3—total 144. Gen. Keifer entered the army in 1861 as a private, and was mustered out as a Major General in 1865. He has been elected to congress three times, and will make a good presiding officer.

A marble tablet has been placed in the ladies' waiting room of the Baltimore and Potomac Depot, to mark the spot where President Garfield was shot. The tablet is American statuary marble, and consists of a sill resting upon two corbels, outside of which are two pilasters representing an axe and a flag. Two draped flags from a canopy over the inscription in gold letters: "James Abram Garfield, President of the United States, July 1, 1881." The whole is surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings, holding in its talons a bundle of arrows and laurel leaves.

The St. Clair Hub and Spoke Factory at Detroit Mich., was entirely destroyed by fire Wednesday. Loss \$30,000; insurance \$3,400.

J. D. Wise was arrested at Kansas City, Wednesday, for alleged complicity in the robbery of the Postmaster at Bolton, Mo., some time ago.

Five tramps burglarized the store of Luddon & Taylor, dry goods merchants at Litchfield, Ill., Tuesday night, carrying off about \$200 worth of goods.

A saw mill employe named Thos. Reed was accidentally crushed to death at Parker Station, Mo., Wednesday.

William Keyes, a brakeman, was killed on the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railway on Wednesday, near Greencastle, Ind.

## SCISSOR GRAPHICS.

Feather tribans hold their own.

Loose-wristed gloves remain in vogue.

Shaded stripes are a feature of the season.

Spanish laces grow finer and more elegant.

Red plush dresses grow in fashionable favor.

Bottle green is the favorite color for riding habits.

Copper ores have been found near Brunot.

Warrenton is getting ready for a calico ball.

The weekly Sun is added to Kansas City's press family.

Sedalia sisters of charity cleared \$550 by their recent fair.

Butler has placed its electric light on the court house steeple.

With the present week Carthage Banner enlarges to 28 columns.

State supreme court has adjourned to the first Monday of March next.

Dark green cloth is the favorite material for nistettes.

Wired colars become none but tall women with long necks.

Red costumes, red jacket, and red hats are worn together.

Red silk pompons on gray and drab fells are very fashionable.

The most fashionable trains are long and sharply pointed.

Along strike—hitting your friend with a fish-pole.

Lyda Thompson is neither fair fat nor forty, but sallow, slim and sixty.

Red and white make an admirable combination for evening wear.

Riel flower graniture will be much worn with evening toilets.

Breakfast caps remain in favor among choice devotees of the toilet.

Opera cloaks are made long enough to envelope the whole person.

Esthetic young ladies cling to the small sunflower floral granitures.

Whether bodices are plain, gathered, or pleated is a question of figure.

The most fashionable flower granitures for ball dresses are of water lilies.

Velvet, plush, moire, and satin all frequently appear in the same costume.

Some large hats have the crowns completely surrounded with silk pompons.

Ladies' riding hats are a little lower in the crown than they were last season.

Young and slender women prefer low round waists with belts for evening wear.

Ullsterettes reaching nearly to the knee take the place of long ulsters this season.

A young lady who was wooed by a judge of the supreme court said she was having a supreme courtship.—*Greenbush Gazette*.

Bernhardt says American women have not good taste. That may be, but they have enough good taste to get a husband before embarking in the business of raising a family.—*Philadelphia News*.

The three prominent phases of a woman's life all visibly connected: As a baby, she's hugged. As a young woman, she's hugged. As a wife, she's humbugged.—*Springfield Sunday News*.

Cadet Whittaker is now at the head of a negro opera company. He has a fine ear for music and a fiancé for business, and ere long will be 'eard' from.—*Burlington Enterprise*.

The announcement that "Blind Tom" can play 7,000 pieces by ear," leads us to inquire which ear?—and why does he play with his ear, has he no hands?—*Oil City Derrick*.

It has just been ascertained that Mrs. Del Valle, of San Francisco, has kept a secret for twenty years. Strange that a woman would so unsex herself.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A man had better pass for a cent in the currency of his fellows and be worth the money, than to go for a dollar and be sold out finally at a discount of 99 1/2 per cent.—*Steubenville Herald*.

At Sedalia a scheme for establishing a railroad men's Y. M. C. A. is taking shape.

A sewing machine man in Detroit is known as "Penny Prize Package," because there is a big piece of brass in him.—*Caff*.

Man that is born of woman may be of few days, but the fact remains that he whoops up the night in great shape.—*Oil City Derrick*.

It is the proper thing for the President to keep his Hutton in the office of the First Assistant Postmaster General?—*Wit and Wisdom*.

"Something in store for me," as the sheriff said when he came to inventory the stock of the merchant who wouldn't advertise.—*Greenbush Gazette*.

There is a certain up-country editor who is known as the "Centennial Joker," in deference to the advanced age of his witticism.—*Elected Railway Journal*.

## NEIGHBORHOOD GRAPHICS.

### Schuyler County.

#### Excelsior.

Eggs are worth 25 cents a dozen.

The town council have ordered better side walks.

Two itinerant negro minstrels amused Lancaster street loafers Saturday.

Myrtle's handle factory shipped 140 dozen of various kinds on Monday.

Miss Bettis of the Chicago quartette has been conducting singing class at Lancaster.

On Monday evening Thos. Hale and Ed Shuplock, both living about three miles northeast of Lancaster, got into a fracas over Snuplock's dogging some hogs of Hale's that were in Shuplock's field, and in the altercation Hale struck Shuplock with a fence rail breaking his arm. Hale was arrested on an affidavit of Shuplock, and the trial is set for next Monday before Squire Steele.

Schuyler has a Farmer's Mutual Insurance Company.

There was an autopsy held at the residence of J. B. Watts, 3 miles north east of Queen City on the 25th, to ascertain the cause of the death of an infant. The attending physician reports malformation of the heart the cause, and nothing derogatory to anyone.

Antioch church, three miles north of Queen City, was dedicated and set apart for divine worship on Sunday 25th, by Elder Davis. No collection was taken. The building committee reported the house free from debt. Something unusual at dedications.

### Putnam County.

#### (New Century.)

M. S. Towne has again taken charge of the Empire House.

The foundation of the new depot has been completed.

Tilton's lecture Saturday night gave good satisfaction.

Miss Clara Miller, of Iowa, an artist of marked ability has just finished a life size portrait of Henry Clay Dean.

### Sullivan County.

#### (Standard.)

Humphreys continues to improve rapidly.

Tax lands brought fair prices at the sale last week.

The *Standard* urges a building association.

The home troupe gave two exhibitions last week. It was the first appearance, and they did exceedingly well. They did as well as the traveling troupes, and with practice they will improve and do better. They had very fair sized houses.

The projectors of the foundry and machine shops have purchased the forty acre tract on which stands the old Hodge mill. They will immediately construct their buildings and prepare for work.

The Presbyterian church was dedicated last Sunday by Rev. Wallace, of Hannibal. The church is small, but is well built. It is tastefully finished and looks well inside and out. It is almost paid for, the balance being less than \$100.

After hanging a long time the jury, in the case of the State vs. Jesse Peak charged with murder, returned a verdict of manslaughter in the third degree and fixed his punishment at three years in the penitentiary. His attorneys asked for a new trial which was refused and they filed the necessary papers and will take the case to the Supreme Court.

### Macon County.

#### (La Plata Press)

Uncle Geo. Edwards of Independence township returned from Arkansas a couple of weeks ago, where he had been called to visit his daughter, Mrs. Josephine Conner. On his arrival in Little Rock, he heard that his daughter was dead. Her husband, who formerly resided in Kirksville, died in Arkansas about four years ago. Mr. Edwards visited his son, Seymour, who resides in Arkansas, and was gratified to find that he was not only a prosperous but influential citizen, highly respected by the people among whom he lives.

"Prof. Babbitt," the long-haired crank who has been lecturing on our streets, left for Ottumwa last Saturday, his transportation being provided for by one of our leading citizens. He ought to be sent to an asylum.

On Thursday night of last week a thief entered the residence of B. B. White, proprietor of the mill, two miles west of Atlanta, and took his coat, vest and pants out near the mill and rifled them of their contents, including about \$9 in money. No clue to the robber.

On the 8th of November, Elder C. P. Evans closed a short meeting at the Windle school house, in Valley township, which resulted in two additions by baptism. He organized a congregation of the Christian church with 82 members, which will meet alternately at the Windle and the Ward school houses. He also reports one accession to the Chariton Ridge congregation.

## THE DISH-PAN COMPLAINT.

### BY BETTE LYNDON.

One dark and cold, and rainy night, 'Twas years ago just three; When ghosts and goblins, clad in white Were holding jubilee Upon my soft and downy bed My tired limbs were lying, When from my kitchen came a noise, Like hungry babies crying, My heart into my throat had leaped, When out of bed I stirred; I summoned all my courage up, To find the noise I heard; With lamp in hand, and quaking heart, I stumbled down the stairs, Nor stayed upon my downward march, To my daily prayers, I softly opened the kitchen door, And quietly stepped with me; And looking round me soon I spied, The cause of such a din; Upon the kitchen table old, In proud array there stood, The dish-pan, and the butcher knife With which we cut our food; As if unconscious of the form, Who by the doorway was told, The dish-pan—dull and dim with age—With butcher knife debased; "I'm the monarch of the cook, Of maid and mistress too; When I am full there's none can stop The fields and woods to view; Look! how they treat me every day; With water hot I'm filled, And then comes greasy pots and pans, Till I am nearly killed. A dirty dish-cloth next is placed Within my foaming waters; Pshaw! what a smell I have to tell, Ye charming sons and daughters, I'm banged and whacked, and whacked and banged; My sides are dented in, My ears knocked off, my legs are loose; I think it is a sin, A ring of grease the dishcloth leaves, Around my battered sides, I'm left in filth and dirt, Whatever else betide."

The knife now gave a sharp, shrill laugh And said, "My honored friend, Why grumble at the care and woe, That fate sees fit to send, I once was in another form, And so were you, I ween, Why do you dwell on the cold, cold earth, Where dish-pans never are seen, Some stout and rude, and horrid men, With rough and grimy faces, Came down into our dungeon dark, And tore us from our places, They took us to a furnace near, And by the fierce fire's gleam, They burned us till our blood flowed out, A fiery molten stream."

"All this you tell, I knew before," The dish-pan's voice replied, "And of the land that we underwent, Ere we stood side by side, But what avails for me to look Back to my earthly state, While you dwell on the cold, cold earth, To my betters wait, If I once more could be returned, Within my mother earth, I'd leave the land that I loved me there, With all my being's worth, I'm sick of life! I'm sick of grease! I'm sick of whacks and bangs! Why can't they kill me clean once more, And spare me all these pangs? With shriek that rent my heart in twain, The dish-pan cried again, "How I've been bruised and knocked about! And it is all in vain! And with these words it breathed its last; And this was what I heard and saw Within my kitchen door."

### Waiting for Dead Women's Slippers.

### BY BETTE LYNDON.

Miss Nancy Halifant—spinster—no one living knew how old, was one day passing down the stairway that led to the servant's apartments, when she heard the sounds of loud laughter, issuing from a room at the foot of the stairs. According to her usual custom whenever she heard a noise in an adjoining room she stopped to listen; and while she was waiting there, we will take the opportunity to describe her.

Tall, dark complexioned, high cheek bones, and little black, beady eyes, which peered out from under her fierce eye-brows with a catch-me-if-you-can expression, which seemed to deepen in intensity whenever she imagined there was any mischief brewing. Her thin gray locks straggled from under a very stiffly starched, high crowned cap of jaconet, which was ornamented with a border of coarse lace that stood out around her face at right angles, giving her a startling, wide-awake look; this, combined with the piercing expression of her eyes, rendered her countenance one not easily forgotten, as well as not very prepossessing.

Miss Nancy was strong minded—a circumstance which is said to detract somewhat from a high order of female beauty.

It was a study to watch her as she stood there, her head slightly bent, her mouth open, her cap untied, and one hand holding it away from her right ear, the better to admit the sound of the voices within the room.

Her chin worked and her eyes snapped maliciously, for the parties' within were handling her name in no complimentary manner.

"I am waiting for the old woman to die. The old story you know. 'Waiting for dead men's shoes,' but the old jade doesn't seem in a hurry to shuffle off this mortal coil."

Aunt Nancy's fingers worked nervously, and she grated her teeth as though she had the offender between them.

"No, I ain't in a hurry, you young scamp," she said to herself, "I ain't a goin' to die yet a while; a' ye needn't mind about waitin' fer my shoes, they're a good fit. If ye please, I'll wear 'em a while yet." Shaking her fist angrily, she was about to open the

door with the intention of upbraiding her graceless nephew, when her aural laus were again disturbed—this time by another voice.

"If I were in your place, with your education and your talent, I wouldn't be guilty of waiting for dead men's shoes. Depend upon it, those you earn for yourselves will wear longer and fit better than any you will obtain by waiting. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for loafing around as you have done since your return from the 'State University.' You graduated with the highest honors, so I have been told; and now you are of no earthly use, either to yourself or to any of your friends. What has come over you?"

Miss Nancy's face commenced to relax as she heard the first sentence, and by the time he had concluded, a grim smile had spread over her face. "Ah, ha!" thought she, "there is good advice for you, Mr. Ned. I guess I will go about my business."

Now don't preach, Alf; it is all very nice for you to talk about carving your name on the 'Temple of Fame,' and making your own way in the world and being independent of your wealthy relations, and all that; but were I to undertake such a thing it would be a death blow to all my hopes. My beautiful, aristocratic fiancé would be mortally offended. She would no more consent to my adopting a profession than you would think of starting for the north pole to-morrow."

"Ned, do you really love her? how be honest for once."

Ned hesitated for a few moments before replying. "Well, Alf, I don't suppose that I do love Miss Cordell with that romantic attachment with which fledglings are supposed to regard each other; but I like her well enough. She will be a fine addition to my establishment, and I shall show her off."

"Yes, just as you would a fine dog or horse. Ned, you are a contemptible puppy! Miss Cordell is too good for you. I vow I have a half a mind to tell her about Lucy Spencer."

"For God's sake, Alf, don't mention her! That is all passed, and I want to forget her. She would have made a man of me. No one else ever had any influence over me for my good. I don't even know where she is. Don't mention her name again. I must not think of her now."

"And yet loving Lucy, as I know you do, you will dare stand before God's altar and swear to love some one else. Good God, Ned, what are you about? When a man swears to a lie in court, the law calls it perjury; yet you will swear to a lie that will render two persons miserable for life, and yet you can sit there and talk about it as coolly as though it were a common transaction. I will not do anything to circumvent you, but I heartily wish some one else would."

"You are a splendid fellow, Alf; I only wish I was half as good. But my education was such that I was never called upon to exercise any trait except selfishness—and you behold the result. I shall never be anything but a lazy, good-for-nothing puppy."

Alfred laughed at the hughubrious countenance with which Ned made this truthful remark; and he thought to himself, "What a magnificent man you would make, if you would only throw off the shackles which wealth and habit have imposed upon you." But he did not give utterance to all that passed through his mind else this story might not have been written.

But where, meanwhile was Lucy Spencer?

Away back, among the green hills of Vermont, was a little log school-house. The inhabitants of the district were in as good circumstances as the average of farmers in that section of country; but they knew so well how to hold on to their sixpences and shillings, that but few of them ever found their way into the pockets of their teachers. In fact it was called the "stingy district," from the fact that they paid the magnificent sum of seventy-five cents a week, and board around the "detrack."

Here we find Lucy Spencer, installed as "monarch of all she surveyed"—as far as the parents would allow her to be. And here we will leave her for a while and return to our friends Alf, Ned and Miss Nancy Halifant.

A few days after this, our friend Alfred, was very much surprised by a summons from Miss Nancy. Wondering not a little at this new freak of the eccentric spinster, he obeyed the call, and was soon ushered into her drawing room, where the faded curtains, ding

walls, cracked mirror, and ragged carpet, gave evidence of former splendor. Aunt Nancy was not bashful, but plunged at once into the business for which she had summoned him.

"I sent for ye," the old lady began, "to see about my will. I'm powerful afraid it aint jest right. I rit it myself, and then took it to that rascally lawyer, Joe Cochrane, an he copied what he called the 'main pints,' and then he hed me sign it in the presence of witnesses. He said as how 'twas all right; but I gin him five dollars fur the job, an I believe a lawyer 'd tell most any thing fur money. So I want you to look 'it."

Alfred glanced over the faded document, and replied "I see nothing wrong about it. Perhaps you know of some point in it that you wish to have changed."

"Wa' yes ther is a pint I want changed, and that is the name of the person as is to git the money arter I'm dead and gone."

"You don't mean to say that you intend to disinherit your nephew?"

Aunt Nancy's countenance assumed an appearance of grim determination as she replied "It looks kinder that way. Ye see, I've heerd him talk about dead women's slippers, an I've made up my mind that he needn't trouble his self to wait for any o' mine. Now, here's pen and ink! I want you to draw yer cheer up to this table and write what I tell ye."

After Alfred was seated, pen in hand at the table, the old lady continued.

"Say that I revoke all former wills."

This Alfred rapidly penned in due form, and looked up waiting for further orders.

"I leave all my property both real and personal, to my dear adopted daughter Lucy Spencer. To my nephew Edward Barton Halifant I give and bequeath the sum of five dollars, and recommend that he go to work and try to make good use of the talents that God has given him, and the education that he has acquired and that my money paid for. There, that will do fur that. I'll give you five hundred dollars 'f you will find Lucy Spencer. Now go to work and try for it. Five hundred is a big pile to invest in a girl."

"I will try; but this document needs witnesses, and your signature."

"All right, I'll call in old Jenny; she can write."

So Jenny was called, and showed her ivory on being asked to sign her name to a paper, she was told was Miss Nancy's will, and the next night when called on to relate her experience in class-meeting she dilated upon the occurrence with great ardor and vehemence. It she had been about to receive the property herself she would not have manifested more importance concerning it.

It so happened that Alfred was able to earn the five hundred dollars, sooner and easier than he anticipated. He had a great green gawky cousin, with whom he was corresponding. The day after the will was changed, he received a letter from him. It ran thus:

MY DEER CUZZEN:—I maid up mi mind tew rite tew yew, fur i be a thinkin' of gittin married, the gal is frum yue parts and i haint axed her yit nur aint a goin ter bi gosh til i heer from yew. she cum frum out west in yure town an i want to know all about her before i ax hur i doant think very much of these here westerners bi gosh fer tha doant know as much as tha think tha du not by a darned site an we kin beat em all holler in eddication i know we kin her naim is Lucy spencer an sheze got yaller hare an ize as blew as mams di tub, rite an let me no of about her fur i doant want to be tuk in by no gal, cant yew cum down hear an sea us this fall.

yewRs treWly

Abiga Barnes.

poast sKrip—cum rite aw an if yew think shele du, i wil hev the wedding afore yew go hum.

To say that Alfred laughed when he read this letter would not be doing justice to the occasion.

He was not long in packing his valise, and leaving a note for Aunt Nancy telling her in a few words of his good fortune, he took the cars for "down east."

Meanwhile the tongues of the gossips were not idle. The news which old Jennie had so tearfully promulgated in class-meeting, soon flew from one to another and in two days was town talk. This agreeable piece of intelligence reached the ears of Leonidas

Cordell, who immediately donned his glossy beaver and started for the residence of Miss Nancy Halifant, with the intention of breaking the engagement existing between his daughter and Edward Halifant, should the report prove to be true. Finding his fears realized, he wrote a short and pointed note to that gentleman, forbidding him ever to speak to his daughter.

This was not a great calamity to either party, as the intended marriage had been almost forced upon the girl by her avaricious father; and Ned, as has already been shown, was in love with another girl.

When he received the note he gave a low whistle of surprise, and ejaculated "Thank heaven." It was probably the first prayer of thanksgiving he had ever uttered.

"Now I will follow the advice of the lamented Horace Greely and go West. I can be a man, and I will. Alf was right, I ought to be ashamed of myself. But where shall I go, and what shall I do? I have no profession or trade, or anything, except my hands and my head. Here comes Squire Cochrane, I'll ask him what I ought to do."

"How are you, Ned? I've been thinking about you and your affairs; what do you propose to do? That change in the will is rather rough on you. But then you are young, good looking, smart and well educated. What better fortune does a young man need. Now let me give you a little advice. Don't fly off in a tangent at this little disappointment, but settle right down here and go to work."

"I thought of going West," said Ned.

"Don't do it, my boy. Unless you have some capital you will be afloat in a leaky boat at such an undertaking. Better study law, and then you won't have to leave Miss Nellie Cordell."

"She has thrown me overboard, or her father has for her which is about the same thing."

"Then stay here and enter my office. I want a good looking chap to attract the divorce suits and breach of promise cases. Will you come?"

"Give me a few days to decide. I don't know what to do."

"No, you must decide now. I tell you that indecision is the curse of many a young man. Say yes, at once," said the old lawyer, vehemently.

Ned laughed as he replied, "Well, yes, then; I will be on hand next Monday, since you wish it."

"No you don't; do you come to-morrow morning. There is some important business going on and I want you to hear all that you can of it."

Accordingly, the next morning found Ned in the lawyer's office where he would leave him for the present.

On the arrival of Alfred at the little town of Pineville where his yankee cousin lived, he decided to seek Lucy first, and acquaint her with the circumstance which we have just related.

Accordingly he inquired at the only hotel the place contained, for the nearest route to the school house where Miss Spencer presided, and after a walk of half an hour found himself before the door of the little log building, where according to tradition, our orators, poets, and statesmen first learned the mysteries of the alphabet and multiplication table.

It needed but little persuasion on Alfred's part to induce her to close her school, and to return with him to her old home in Missouri. Many times she had longed for the rest and quiet of the old homestead, and now her